

STARTLING

A New Theory Accounting for the Continued Activity of the Boers—Their Ranks Said to be Filled With British Tommies.

LONDON, Oct. 14.—“Where are all the Boers coming from?” is the question heard a dozen times a day. If the official reports of the killed and prisoners are trustworthy the entire male population of the two republics was wiped out long ago. A gentleman heard an answer to this question from one lately returned from South Africa, which he gives exactly as it was stated, without vouching for its accuracy:

“Have you noticed how many are reported missing after every skirmish? Some of these return to the ranks, but many don't. No, the Boers do not keep prisoners, and are not yet accused of murdering them. This means that many are missing from the English ranks and prefer to stay among the Boers.

“Besides these there have been hundreds, probably thousands, of desertions of dissipated ‘Tommies,’ who, besides being underpaid and ill fed, are treated worse than slaves by arrogant officers and compelled to do menial work with savage Kafirs, even enjoying these the privilege they enjoy of roaming off at their own sweet will when they don't choose to work.

“This accounts in a large degree for the facility of the Boer commandoes in walking through the British cordons whenever they please. It is the easiest thing in the world for a few former ‘Tommies,’ acting as scouts, on meeting a British outpost to give a false description of the troops following and pass themselves off as British and so escape in the darkness.

“Of course there is no means of verifying the actual number of such desertions, but it was learned, on what I have reason to regard as excellent authority in Cape Town, that the total would more than account for all the re-enforcements sent out for many months.”

Spanish Pensions.

MADRID, Oct. 14.—In the forthcoming budget, according to El Imparcial, General Weyler, minister of war, will ask an increase of expenditures exceeding 2,000,000 pesetas for the payment of pensions and military rewards in connection with the war with the United States.

RAILROADS IN PULASKI

Great Activity on New Lines in the County Southwest of us.

WINAMAC, Ind., Oct. 15.—The railroad surveyors of the Toledo & Chicago Transfer Railway Company, which has its western terminus at Kempton Junction, Ill., and passes through the counties of Newton, Jasper, Pulaski, Fulton, Kosciusko and Noble, thence to Toledo, have completed their third survey. Representatives of the company are working east and west of Winamac purchasing the right of way. All townships on that route have voted subsidies, and the company will begin grading the track before January.

The Cincinnati, Richmond & Muncie line has been graded and the steel laid from Kewanee and through Pulaski county three miles north of Winamac to North Judson. The railroad bridge across the Tippecanoe river has not been completed, but the railroad company, by the coming January, expects to have through trains running from Cincinnati to North Judson. From that point the trains will enter Chicago over the Chicago & Erie Railroad.

The American telephone line through from New York to San Francisco has been completed through this county. The poles are strung with forty wires. The line will be ready for business by January next.

Ten cents will buy trial size of Ely's Cream Balm; enough to convince you that it is the greatest of remedies for nasal catarrh or cold in the head. Full size 50 cents. All druggists. We mail it.

153 Second Street, Albany, N. Y.
Messrs. Ely Bros.—I suffered greatly with catarrh and tried different remedies without effect. After using one bottle of your Cream Balm I found relief and I cannot praise too highly such a remedy.

Sept. 27, 1899. Miss Cora Willard.

TREE PLANTING FOR PROFIT IN THE WEST

(William L. Hall, in Government Forestry Bulletin.)

The area for profitable tree planting ten years ago was thought to be limited to the great plains. It extends now to sections in the entire Middle West. Since the profits of timber growing have become manifest, people have become imbued with the tree planting spirit. There will be more trees planted in the spring of 1901 than have ever been planted before in a single year, but the number to be planted will fall short of the number required. If 500,000 acres of timber should be planted annually, well distributed throughout the Middle West, the production would yet be inadequate to meet the requirements of the country, and the planters could still hope for liberal profits. Ultimately this figure will no doubt be reached.

The area of planted timber in the Middle West aggregates many hundred thousand acres. Some of this timber is on the decline, some at its best, and some growing into value each year. To the last class belong most of the plantations made for profit.

A large number of plantations have been established within the last three years. From these excellent returns may be expected, for in almost every case they are in the hands of men who appreciate their importance and know how to manage them properly for the object in view.

Within the last year nearly one hundred plantations have been established in co-operation with the Division of Forestry under its plan of practical assistance to tree planters. In each case an expert of the division has made an examination of the land, and, after consulting the owner on the objects to be attained, has prepared a plan for the establishment and management of the plantation. Profit has not been the sole object in all cases, but it is a leading feature in nearly all. The division will direct the management of these plantations from year to year, and it is believed to be possible in this way to make them fully successful and profitable to their owners. Most of them are small, ranging from five to fifty acres, but many will be extended over larger areas in the future.

It may be expected that the plantations to be first established will be small. On individual farms such tracts will be planted to timber as can be spared from annual crops, usually from five to twenty acres. Sometimes men of large farms and ample means will afforest 100 acres or more. Larger operations than can be handled with ease and thoroughness should not be attempted. The main object of such plantations should be the production of materials required on the farm and in the immediate locality.

While operations will be carried on generally in small plantations the time has come when men of means can get large returns from the development of plantations on extended areas. There are reasons for believing that the work can be carried on more successfully by companies than by individuals. The long-time nature of the investment adapts it more especially to company control. The life of a company is permanent, while the life of an individual may cease at any time and throw the investment into hands that fail to carry it out.

MANLY ATTITUDE

TOWARD PRESIDENCY

President Roosevelt has definitely and positively, though unofficially, stated his position relative to the republican nomination in 1904. He will make no fight for the honor, but if the people of the United States show their approval of his course during the three and a half years that he occupies the position of chief magistrate of the land by placing his name at the head of the next republican national ticket, he will be extremely grateful, and will not decline.

The President announced this as his attitude during an interview with several representative republicans from South Carolina.

Mr. Roosevelt went further and stated that if he had to pander to any political clique, combination or movement, he did not want the nomination and would not give a rap for it, emphasizing his feelings in the matter by snapping his fingers as he spoke.

The conversation leading to this expression by Mr. Roosevelt bore upon the strong indorsement of Mr. Blalock for the position of collector of internal revenue. It was asserted that President McKinley had decided to appoint Mr. Blalock and that it was the purpose of Mr. Roosevelt to carry out the intention of his predecessor.

Subsequently the President heard a report concerning Mr. Blalock's conduct while sojourning in the national capital which greatly displeased him.

When the South Carolina delegation called at the White House the President explained to them the nature of the allegations against Mr. Blalock, which, it is said, amounted to nothing more than that he and his friends had indulged in conviviality. It was about this point that the

President stated his position with reference to the campaign of 1904.

“I am going to select the best men for public positions,” he is quoted by one of the gentlemen present as saying: “men appointed to high public places must be high in morals and in many other respects. If the American people care to show their approval of my course as President during the three years and a half I have to serve by placing me at the head of the republican ticket of 1904, I should feel deeply grateful. It would be an honor it would be difficult for any man to decline.

“But if I have to pander to any cliques, combinations or movements for their approval, I would not give a rap of my finger for it, or for a nomination under such circumstances. My indorsement must come from the people of the country.”

Those who heard President Roosevelt make this utterance say they were impressed by his evident earnestness. Persons high in political life here are being daily convinced by the President that he is not running the high office he holds with any sort of view of controlling the republican machinery in 1904.

CONDENSED STORIES.

“Bobs” as Sherlock Holmes and the Remark He Overheard.

A delightful story is told of “Bobs” in the role of amateur detective. Many years ago the gallant field marshal was commanding a native regiment in India. The men were excellent fighters, but their moral standard was not quite what one would consider perfection. Their peccadilloes were regarded leniently, but the line had to be drawn somewhere, and one day when a sergeant complained that his watch had been purloined by a comrade Major Roberts decided that the time had come. He accordingly harangued the regiment at large at evening parade on the heinousness of the crime committed by one of their number, and, knowing the native character, he tried what could be done by bluffing. Therefore before dismissing the men he assured them that he knew the thief and that unless the watch was restored to its owner before the next reveille sounded he would be tried by court martial. The next morning the sergeant reported that under cover of darkness the watch had been restored to his locker. The major was naturally pleased with himself, but during the course of the day he overheard two of his men talking in a way which somewhat lessened his self satisfaction. “What a wonderful man the sahib is!” said one of them in a tone of admiration. “He actually knew who took the sergeant's watch and made him return it!” “Ah, my brother,” replied the other, “of course the sahib knew where the watch was, and why? Because he stole it himself!”—Home Notes.

Senator Scott's New Shoes.

Senator Scott of West Virginia wore a new pair of shoes to the White House one day recently. According to him, they were giving his pet corn “Jessie.” While he was



THE OFFENDING SHOE WAS CUT.

waiting to see the president he slipped off the offending shoe. When he tried to get it back again, it would not go on. At this juncture Secretary Cortelyou said:

“Senator, the president is now waiting to see you.”

The West Virginian looked perplexed. It would not do to keep the president waiting. In a few moments he reached in his trousers pocket and pulled out a “Billy Barlow” knife. With this the offending shoe was cut, and Senator Scott was thus enabled to slip it on.

Rapid Boring.

A novel method of boring holes in a flat bar of iron was recently adopted on a ship where a breakdown occurred. To repair the breakage it was necessary to make bolt holes in a spare bar, and, as the engineer was without the appliances required for the purpose, he marked the exact places in chalk and then fired a .30 caliber bullet through each from a rifle.

Reciprocity.

Congressman Littlefield of Maine, himself a total abstainer, is telling of a temperance advocate who recently offered a saloon keeper \$10 to be allowed to hang a temperance placard behind the bar.

“I'll give you the same amount,” was the reply, “if you let me hang my ad. back of your pulpit.”

Morning Glory

Once upon a time, somewhere, in Somebody's garden, there grew a Morning Glory vine. Nobody knew how it came there, for no one had planted it, but it was a pretty little thing, with green hearts for leaves and cunning little pale green curls here and there upon its fuzzy stem.

She wanted to get up off the ground where she had been all of her short life, so she crept slowly along to find something to take hold of that she might climb high up into the bright sunlight. She put out her tender tendrils and felt carefully along, for she was blind, poor little thing, and could not see where she was going.

As she reached out, she felt something hard. “Ah, perhaps this is something high,” thought the Morning Glory, so she crawled up the side quite to the top. But she was not high at all—not much higher than the ground—for it was only a small stone that she had found. So she sadly crept back down the other side, and she lay there quite discouraged.

There was an old man who used to take care of Somebody's garden, and he saw this plant growing there and groping about for support, so he fastened a string from a peg stuck into the ground up to Somebody's window sill, and then he quite forgot all about it.

The next morning the Morning Glory felt more cheerful, and she started upon her search again. She had not far to go this time, because the kind old man had fastened the peg very near to where she lay. So she reached about with caution to avoid another stone and took hold of the string.

The poor, sightless little thing did not know that the old man had put it there for her, but somehow she felt that it would lead her to where she wished to go—up toward the beautiful blue sky and the great golden sun.

So she climbed along the string, slowly at first, then faster each day as she began to know the way, until, like Jack's bean stalk, she had reached the window sill.

Now, Somebody, the person who owned the garden, was ill—so ill that he had to stay always in his room with an ugly black bandage over his eyes, and the doctors feared that he might never see again.

He was very unhappy, and was often, oh, so very cross, and the servants quite feared him when he spoke to them in a harsh and authoritative voice.

He had no relatives, and he lived quite alone in his great house, with many people to wait upon him and with even so much money to buy things to make him happy, but the thing that one buys do not always make one happy, and he was terribly wretched in his big, fine house.

One morning he groped his way to the open window and put his hand out upon the side of the frame, and he felt a little, sharp nail. Now, if he had been gentle the nail would not have hurt him, for it was a harmless little thing, but he made a rough, impatient movement, and it caught his finger and bruised it a little.

This made Somebody very angry, and he said some very unpleasant things about the person who dared to put a nail outside his window, and he felt about very cautiously this time, to find the nail once more, that he might tear it out.

So he moved his hand slowly along upon the sill, and the Morning Glory was reaching her little hand about there at the same time, and their two hands met.

One did not look at all like a hand, but it was one just the same, and the little green hand grasped the great white one, and they seemed to know and understand each other at once, for the little green hand said to the large white one very tenderly: “Oh, so you are blind too! I am so sorry!”

The great hand did not try to find the nail after that. It just touched the Morning Glory with a soft caress, and two great drops fell upon the leaves. They felt strange and not at all like the cool raindrops which sometimes watered the Morning Glory, and something told her that these drops were tears.

Now, after this these two—Somebody and the Morning Glory—grew to love each other very dearly, and each day they would feel about for one another, and the dainty Morning Glory would nestle against his bearded cheek, and Somebody would pet her and stroke her leaves very gently.

And the cheerfulness of the little green plant helped Somebody to be a little bit hopeful too. You see, it was harder for him, for he had never been blind, while she had never seen and was so used to it that now she hardly minded it at all.

One morning the Morning Glory brought her friend a surprise. She had kept it a secret all the while, and now she proudly put a great, beautiful pink blossom into his hand. He could not see that it was pink, but he felt that it was lovely, and he kissed the pretty flower and murmured, “You little beauty.” And that made the Morning Glory very happy, for all mothers dearly love to have their babies admired, you know.

And the next morning Somebody had a surprise for the Morning Glory. That was a secret too. No one knew it yet but the doctor, and Somebody drew the little Morning Glory close to his lips and whispered it into her ear. Then the little green hand twined about the great white one, and this is what it said: “I am so glad that you are not going to be blind any more.” And Somebody understood it, and the Morning Glory again felt two great, warm drops, which she knew to be tears. But they were not bitter tears, like the first ones; they were very sweet, because they were tears of joy.

After this Somebody went away and was gone a long time. The weeks passed, and he did not return, and the little Morning Glory was very sad. She felt hurt that he had left her so suddenly and with no word of adieu.

Everything was in a state of great bustle and preparation all over the place. Little Morning Glory could hear them hammering and running about, and she felt that something was going

to happen. Once she caught the word “bride,” and something told her what it all meant, and a little jealous pain went through her heart, for she had once overheard the housemaid telling the cook that all men were fickle and that when they were away from one they never thought of one at all and were taken up with whoever was nearest them, and the cook had agreed fully with all that the housemaid had said, and the cook knew men if any one did, she said.

So little Morning Glory hung her leaves in sadness and quite forgot to feel proud of her pretty pink babies, for there were a great many of them now.

Once she felt something tug at her roots, and a rough hand grasped her, then a kind voice said: “Don't touch that. Master told the little vine, and it must be left as it is.” Oh, how relieved little Morning Glory felt at these words! She reached out and tried to touch the speaker, but the maid hurried away and never saw the little green hands at all.

Soon the nights began to be chilly, and one by one her babies left her and fluttered to the ground, and she herself grew pale and felt very weak and ill, and she feared that she was going to die. How she wished that Somebody would come back! She was afraid that he would be too late.

One morning she heard the window open, and Somebody again stood there. There was some one with him now—a beautiful lady—and he held her in his arms and called her “Sweetheart.” In his new happiness he had quite forgotten his little friend, and Morning Glory's heart ached as she remembered what the maid had told the cook.

Just then Somebody looked out and saw poor little Morning Glory with her leaves all faded and brown, and he reproached himself because he had not thought of her before.

“There, dearest,” he said to the lady, “this is the little friend I told you of.” And he held the withered little stem in the lady's delicate hand.

A glad thrill ran through the Morning Glory, and she dropped 60 tiny seeds into the soft open palm; then as the wind swept around the corner a sudden shudder seized her, and little Morning Glory was dead.

“See, my pet,” said Somebody, pointing to the little black seeds, “that means good luck. It is her gift to the bride.”

And the beautiful lady smiled, and she put the seeds in a little box, saying, “Next year we will have another Morning Glory vine there just like the old one.”

“No,” said Somebody, “never one quite like that, for that one was like a little friend. It really seemed to understand me. But then I don't need any one to understand me now, for I have you.” And again the lady was folded in a loving embrace, and Somebody kissed her softly.

Fair Exchange, Yet a Robbery.

While Gustave Dore was at Ischl and wandering about the mountains he became much interested in a country wedding and sketched it on the spot. He put the sketch into a book in the pocket of his paletot and went back to the hotel to dinner. After dinner he looked for the sketch. It was gone.

Angry at the theft, the artist called the landlord and made complaint, but no trace of the book was found. From Ischl Dore went to Vienna, and there he found a letter and a parcel awaiting him. The letter, which was anonymous, read thus:

“Sir, I stole your book at Ischl. The sketch was so charming that I could not resist the temptation of having it in my possession, and I knew very well you would never consent to sell it to me. But theft is neither my trade nor my habit, and I beg you to accept as a souvenir of my crime and my enthusiasm for your talent the walking stick which will reach you at the same time as this letter.”

The cane was one with a massive gold head in which was set a gem of value.—Youth's Companion.

The Peking Gazette's Adventures.

The Peking Gazette, which justly claims to be the oldest newspaper in the world, having been founded in 1130, may be said to have appeared with an irregularity tantamount to suspension during the late Chinese troubles. A very few copies of this journal have survived those troubles, as the Boxers made a point of destroying all the printed matter they could lay their hands on containing edicts, etc., hostile to their cause and of decapitating its publishers. Consequently The Gazette had to be secretly printed, and it is only lately that some members of the editorial staff have been able to return to Peking under the protection of the American authorities there. It is a significant circumstance that during its existence for seven and a half centuries every suspension of its publication has been followed by the establishment of a new dynasty.—London Chronicle.

Actually Carried a Chair.

Many people seem to remember only by an effort that the Empress Frederick was the princess royal of England. She herself never forgets it. It was a grievance of the German court that the wife of their crown prince always remained “die Engländerin.” Bismarck was never tired of growling at it. Her easy, informal manners were always scandalizing the stiff Prussian court. Soon after her marriage she shocked her lady in waiting by carrying a chair across the room for herself. The lady protested. It did not become a princess of Prussia, she remonstrated, to carry her own chairs.

“Well,” replied her mistress, “the princess royal of England doesn't mind doing it. In fact, I have often seen my mother carrying two chairs.”—London Answers.

The Boston Baby.

Stranger—I think, madam, that your child must have a pin discommoding it somewhere.

Boston Mother (severely)—My baby, sir, does not cry over such trivial things as that. Her has just howed ill Henrik Ibsen is.—Somerville Journal.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

The following story is told apropos of the recent panic in Wall street:

An army officer stationed in the Philippines has been sending home his salary for his wife to save. She sought to add to it by taking a flier in Wall street. She had invested every dollar of her husband's savings, and in the panic of Thursday all was swept away. She appealed to Henry Clews, with whose firm she had dealt.

“If I show you the way to get your money back, will you promise me that you will not speculate again?” asked the broker.

“Indeed I will,” tearfully assented the woman.

“Well, here's your money. Now, keep out of the market.”

Clews said afterward that he had not invested the money.

A broker in the Waldorf-Astoria cafe who listened to the story laughed.

“Well, that's one on Clews. That woman brought the money right over to my office and asked me to buy Delaware and Hudson with it. I did so, and she made \$5,400.”—New York World.

THE MARKETS.

Plymouth

Wheat.....	65
Corn.....	62
Oats.....	30
Rye.....	47
Clover Seed.....	48.00
Potatoes New.....	65 to 75
Lard.....	10-11
Hens.....	6
Spring Chickens.....	4
Roosters.....	3
Gobblers.....	4-5
Geese.....	4
Ducks.....	6
Turkey Hens.....	6
Eggs.....	16
Butter.....	14-16

Chicago

Wheat.....	69 1/2
Corn.....	55 1/2
Oats.....	34 1/2
Rye.....	55
Clover.....	6 00-9 00
Potatoes.....	55-62
Cattle.....	5.25 to 6 40
Hogs.....	5.90 to 6.35
Sheep.....	2.00 to 4.00

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness. Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROS., 53 Warren Street, New York.

THE POLICEMAN'S SPOT-LESS TOWN



This brilliant man walks up and down upon the streets of Spotless Town. The glimmer of his shining star arrests attention from afar. It lights the beat and goes to show That naught can beat SAPOLIO

A housekeeper's attention is instantly arrested by the condition of the shelves, paint, windows, and tins in her neighbors kitchen. These mark good housekeeping. No matter how fine the rest of the house may be, if the kitchen is not clean it shows the worst kind of unthrift. A basin of water, a cloth and

SAPOLIO will save you from this reproach.



If the teacher could wipe away the blotches from her skin as easily as she does the caricature with its pimply face, she would be a happy woman.

Pimples and eruptions are more than a disfigurement to a woman—they make her sensitive and unhappy. The way to cleanse the skin is to purify the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical

Discovery purifies the blood, and removes the clogging accumulations and poisons which corrupt it. When these are removed, pimples, boils, eruptions, sores, and other consequences of impure blood are entirely cured.

“For about one year and a half my face was very badly broken out,” writes Miss Carrie Adams, of 115 West Main St., Battle Creek, Mich. “I spent a great deal of money with doctors and for different kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. At last I obtained a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before I had taken one bottle of this medicine I noticed a change, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured. I can well recommend Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to any one similarly afflicted.”

Accept no substitute for the “Discovery.” There is nothing “just as good” for impure blood and skin diseases. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, is given away. Send 21 one-cent stamps expense of mailing only, for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the volume bound in cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

PILES

“I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across the name of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man.”

C. H. KEITZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. No. 25, 50c. CURE CONSTIPATION. Suffering Remedies Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, St. Louis.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all cigarette and cigar dealers.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

State of Indiana, Marshall County, ss. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as Administrator of the estate of George Robbins, deceased, has presented and filed his account and vouchers in final settlement of said estate and that the same will come up for the examination and action of said Circuit Court on the 1st day of November, 1901, at which time all persons interested in said estate are required to appear in said Court and show cause why said account and vouchers should not be approved. And the heirs of said estate, and all others interested therein, are also hereby required, at the time and place aforesaid, to appear and make proof of their heirship or claim to any part of said estate.

MAE SHUNK, Administrator.

Done Oct. 9, 1901. Witness the Clerk and Seal of said Marshall Circuit Court, at Plymouth, Ind., this 9th day of October, 1901.

SEAL. K. F. BROOKE, Clerk.

Shunk & Boss, Attys.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT OF

In the Marshall Circuit Court, October term, 1901.

In the matter of the estate of Mary D. Lambert, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as Executor of the estate of Mary D. Lambert, deceased, has presented and filed his account and vouchers in final settlement of said estate and that the same will come up for the examination and action of said Circuit Court on the 1st day of November, 1901, at which time all persons interested in said estate are required to appear in said Court and show cause why said account and vouchers should not be approved. And the heirs of said estate, and all others interested therein, are also hereby required, at the time and place aforesaid, to appear and make proof of their heir